

I Feel It

by LightIsTheKey14

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Summary: Aster Bunnymund didn't know what to do with himself anymore. Jack Frost couldn't seem to find his way either, but had by then stopped looking. Nick North and Tiana Donte' were trying to help their friend, and maybe even the other lost soul too, when their group is erupted by a freshman named Symone. Not to mention Pitch Black's jealousy for the group. The rating and may change.R&R

1. Chapter 1

****Hey guys! Is it odd that I almost love Bunnymund more than Jack? I hope not, because it's true. As you guys could probably guess, I saw the movie "Rise of the Guardians", (because I never read the book series' first) and found a new fandom to know and love. I must say, that movie has to be my second favorite movie. My first is How To Train Your Dragon, which you guys probably know by now, if you've ever visited my profile. Anyways, I had such great and terrible writers block that once I started up again, my writing sucked! So, I've been gradually practicing, and I think I've finally made something worth posting! Oh, and here's some hints on the characters;****

****North: Nicholas (or Nick) North****

****Tooth Fairy: Tiana Donte'****

****Sand Man: Sandy Carpender****

****Bunnymund: Emerson "Aster" Bunnymund****

****Jack Frost: Jack Frost****

****Pitch Black: ****Kozmotis** **Black****

****Mother Nature (Who's my OC, and isn't important right now, but I'll**

add her in anyways) Symone Erelic**

****I hope that helps! Well, enjoy!****

[illegible]

Many people called them a group of eccentrics. Many more people called them suck-up freaks. They just called each other friends, bros, and the occasional "mate".

Nicholas was the first one that you would notice from the hall. He was a large boy with fine red hair and a round red nose. He wore a red jacket over whatever white shirt (usually with some logo on the front), and jeans he was wearing that day, with black boots.

The next person you would be apt to look at would be Tiana. She had purple (verging on pink) eyes, and short hair dyed pink, blue, and green, that she usually wore spiked in the back. Her hair was naturally blond, but she felt like being "different". She wore a multi-colored over-shirt with a lace back, and a gray tank-top underneath, with jeans that had feathers painted up her left leg.

The next member of the group had a harder time being seen because of his height, but that didn't make a difference to him. His name was Sandy, which matched his sandy-golden hair perfectly. He wore a gold-colored scarf, with a t-shirt, floppy black jacket, and lightly colored jeans. He didn't talk much, but his facial expressions made him perfectly easy to understand.

Aster was the one member of the group by the lockers that wasn't involved in the conversation. He was digging in his locker, occasionally taking things from his tan messenger bag and putting different things down into it. Aster, despite being a sixteen-year-old boy, was possibly the most organized in the group. He hung up his leather jacket, reveling what he was wearing for the day. A green jacket that's sleeves only came down to his mid-forearm, with a tight black shirt and brown jeans, plus sneakers. His hair was jet-black with green tips that brushed over his mint green eyes.

"Why do you people not just go on to class?" Aster asked, his thick Australian accent ringing down the hall.

"We're all going to the same place. We might as well go together!" Nick encouraged, clasping his tall friend's shoulder.

Jack Frost shook his head from four lockers down.

Aster always asked something like that in the mornings. He figured that it was to boost his confidence, which Jack understood. Understood, but still found ridiculous.

He slammed his locker door closed and ducked past the group of cheery teens, and Aster, trying to avoid making eye contact. As he rushed by, he bumped into Tiana's shoulder.

She blushed and sighed, all the while leaning herself against Sandy's

locker, which was right next to Aster's.

"I don't understand what you seen in that... guy," Aster said, finally closing his locker.

"If you were gay you would..."

Sandy nodded, smiling.

"Not this again," Nick groaned, even though he was smiling.

"For the last time, mates, I'm not gay. I'm an artist. I'm not gay."

"Your journal" Nick put in air quotes, "claims otherwise."

"Bull malarkey!"

Sandy held up his phone to the others, showing them that they had around two minuets to get to class.

"Crap! We need to go, guys!" Tiana exclaimed, grabbing Nick by the hand and pulling him towards their homeroom, the rest of the group following behind them. Well, all except for Sandy, who's class was one room over from theirs.

They all sat down in their seats just as the bell rang.

Tiana and Aster sat in the front row, and Nick sat behind the Australian teen.

Tiana glanced toward the back of the room at Jack who sat in the back row next to the window. A tall pale boy with black hair sat next to him, whispering things in his direction that he abruptly ignored. The other boy was known as Pitch Black, a name that suited him perfectly. He was cruel to everything, as far as his piers knew, and he didn't correct them.

The teacher called out roll, almost forgetting about Jack completely, which was nothing unusual for the poor boy. She eventually remembered that he was there, and wrote his name down along with the others.

"Alright, today we're going to be writing essays," the teacher explained, writing the topic up on the white-board.

Nick read it to himself out loud.

"All though history, people have celebrated different winter holidays. In your families past and culture, how did they and do you now celebrate winter holidays?"

"Awesome," Nick whispered to Aster, who huffed.

"Christmas is just some over-stereotyped holiday."

"Aster..." Tiana joked.

"Class, begin," the teacher called as she put in head-phones and cracked open the book "Night Of The Living Trekkies".

Nick was already deep into his second paragraph when Aster started his opening sentence. It made him sick how deeply Nick was devoted to the Christmas season. Tiana drew a toothy smiley-face on her paper.

Thirty minuets had passed, and Aster was struggling with ideas. Which was desperately rare for him, since he usually had creative ideas bubbling from his ears. But this was on Christmas. Being Australian, most would assume that his family had odd and interesting traditions that would be good to write about, but they didn't really. They went to church the night before, and on Christmas day he would open presents with his two little brothers, only one of which was born in America.

Actually, this year, he had gotten a MP3 player (No, his family didn't have the best funding. Well, when you have three boys in the house, money and food spread thin), and a painting easel, which Nick and Sandy insisted on tormenting him about. He did like it, though. Well really, he liked anything that had to do with art.

Even though he lived in Australia until he was twelve, he wasn't sure what he could add from the holidays down there. To him, it didn't seem any different than any other family's celebrations.

He eventually rambled his way through the body of the essay, and wrapped it up with a conclusion paragraph that would hopefully pull his grade from a C to a B-.

He finished just as the bell rang. Tiana scooped her belongings into her arms, picking up her purple bag with her foot and shoving some things into it. Nick sprang up, and inched towards the door, hoping his friends would follow. They were in no hurry.

Aster walked his paper to the teacher's desk, bag already on his shoulder, and began to follow Nick out. Tiana brought up the rear.

Sandy was standing by the door, waiting for his team to arrive. The teens cut down a vacant hallway, using their favorite short-cut to get into the band room.

Nick was really only in the band because Tiana and Sandy wanted him to. Aster was also, originally, not willing to join the band, but once his friends talked him into it, he loved it.

Nick loved that he loved it, too, because the first chair bass-clarinet player sat next to the last chair tenor sax. Aster being first chair, and himself being last, of course. Tiana sat in the front row with the other piccolo players. Sandy was in the back with the percussion.

The Australian boy flopped his bag down on his bass-clarinet case in the instrument room and carried the actual thing back to his seat. Once he sat down, he took a side glance to see if Symone, the first chair alto sax, was there. Upon seeing that she was, his foot began to tap nervously. He had gotten a mystery note in his locker, and only hoped it was from her.

She grinned at him only two seconds before the girl in second chair

tapped on her shoulder, breaking his attention away from him, and to the sheet music for the song "Sticks and Stones" by Jonsi.

Nick placed a comforting hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Don't give up on her," he encouraged.

Aster brushed his green tipped bangs out of his eyes and nodded.

"Did you figure out that upper octave part?" he asked, changing the subject.

"Kind of..."

" You didn't, did you?"

"No."

"Here,"

Aster leaned over on his friend's stand, and began to pencil in the really high notes, not wanting to make it too easy for the ginger.

"If you miss this part again, my ears'll start to bleed."

"Tell that to the bass-clarinet "Cruella De' Vil" solo..."

"I've almost got that, okay?"

"Sure," Nick winked.

"Class,"

The band director, Mrs. Lawtin, tapped her baton on the stand.

"Guys, shut up!"

That got everyone's attention.

"Okay, we need to run through the show, and work on some parts."

She eyed the low-woodwinds.

Nick smiled innocently.

"Alright, lets start with the "Disney Pop Melody", from the top. One, two, ready, go."

Aster started out the first song, (a modern version of Cruella De' Vil) alone. His fingers padded proudly along the keys as the sound bellowed from the bell of the horn. Mrs. Lawtin waved her hands, signaling the other musicians to begin playing as well. They kicked in, and a heavy drum-beat and a flow of trumpets started playing. Symone leaned over her horn as she played, making her sax wail.

The band director flicked her wrist as the next song "Poor Unfortunate Souls" (The Jonas Brothers version) began. Symone took a

sharp breath before starting her duet with Tiana. She played a part, and Tiana added an extra few notes once she was done. They went back and forth for a while, and then the rest of the band jumped back in.

The next part of the "Disney Pop Melody", called "Be Prepared", started with just the percussion. Sandy was grinning from ear to ear as he hit the bass drum.

The last song in the set was called "Almost There", from the movie "Princess and the Frog" or "The Voodoo movie" as Tiana called it. Even if she didn't like the movie, she loved the song. Well, mainly because she had a solo at the beginning and end of it. She swayed as she pushed air through her pint-sized flute.

Aster stood up as she started her ending solo, and quickly made his way into the instrument room. He flipped open a different case, and pulled out a didgeridu, which was an instrument that he learned to play back when he was ten in Australia. Now, six years later, he was still playing it in his spare time, and even in the band concert. By the time he returned to his seat, the class was ready to start the next song, "Sticks and Stones".

He gave Mrs. Lawtin a thumbs up, and she counted them off.

Aster noticed a sparkle in Symone's eyes as the song reached its end. He knew it was because their next song "Popular", by Eric Saade, had a solo with her name on it. She looked like a full out jazz artist when her solo finally rolled around.

By that time, Aster had placed his second instrument on the ground beside of him, and had returned back to the bass-clarinet.

Their next song was "Mambo #5", which contained the "Upper octave part" for low-brass and low-woodwinds. Nick cringed as another wrong note slid out of his tenor, but Aster seemed to be having too much fun to notice and threaten to take his life. Aster plunked some lower keys, happier than ever.

The next song was almost ready to begin.

"Do you have this solo learned yet, Emerson?"

Aster blushed, just like he did every time the band director used his first name to address him.

Tiana giggled a little bit as she heard Aster's foot begin to tap the ground- a nervous tick of his.

"For the most part, yeah," he answered the teacher.

She then nodded, and began to count them off.

The song was called "Rocky Road To Dublin"- well, at least that's what it said on the sheet music.

Aster started out the song in a solo and only missed around four notes out of the whole thing, which was a heck of a lot better than what he'd expected.

I usually don't update my stories that quickly. I want to change that with this one, though! I'm also trying to make the chapters longer, so you guys actually have something to read when you come here.

**

Also, this is when my OC Symone comes more into this story! Whoot! Whoot!

**Well, thank you for all the very kind reviews! I'm glad ya'll like this! I'll go ahead and start the chapter now. Go on, read!
**

[illegible]

Symone sauntered into the art room not three minuets after Aster had entered. She sat down, without looking, at the table he had occupied.

His foot began to tap the ground upon noticing her.

Even though she was a freshman, which was a grade below him, all grades were allowed in the advanced art class. And she was a wonderful artist. He often saw her sketching people with very detailed faces and hair.

She pulled out her signature green sketch-pad, flipped it open to a blank page, and then looked up at Aster, cheeks red and fingers tapping on her thigh.

"It's Aster... Right?" she asked sheepishly.

"Y-yeah."

"You're from Australia, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I am."

"Thats pretty cool. I mean- It's really pretty down there."

"You've been?"

"I wish. But I've seen pictures."

"It is a beauty," he agreed.

"I really like your accent, too."

"Um... Thank you?"

She looked down shyly.

"Can I... Um... Draw you?"

"Huh?!" Aster gulped, doing the most unattractive thing possible in front of his crush.

"You have such interesting facial features, and hair. Could I draw it?"

"Um... Sure?"

"Awesome!"

She grabbed a pencil, and began to sketch his jaw-line.

"Can you still do that if I paint some?"

"Yeah, no problem. Just turn to face me, if you don't mind."

"Okay," he noted, grabbing some paint and a thick sheet of paper from the back of the classroom.

Most of the students were finishing up projects, but the two of them had finished a few days ago.

Aster sat down at the side of the table opposite to her, and began to dip a thin paint brush into some forest-green paint.

"Hey-"

Aster's head popped up, and he saw Symone flicking her pencil in the air where different major parts of his face should be.

"Okay. Sorry to disturb."

She returned back to her sketch.

"Not a problem, mate."

She looked up again.

"Mate?"

"That's what I said. It means friend."

"I know. That just sounded really cool!"

His foot seemed to be running a race all by itself.

She shook her head.

"Sorry."

The two didn't speak for the majority of the class, but every now and then, he would gaze at her.

Her hair was long and brown, with crisp curls at the bottom, and natural red highlights. Her eyes were also brown, but a much darker shade than her caramel hair. She wore a shirt with a "Hetalia" logo on the chest, and brown khakis that came up lightly above her ankles. A flowered headband was in her hair, with her bangs sticking out.

He sighed, causing her to look up.

Her eyes were always filled with a childlike innocents, and it was obvious that the world was new to her every day.

Aster wished he could see things like that.

"Hm?"

"Oh, uh... Just thinking," the older boy assured.

"Oh. Okay."

The bell didn't ring for another ten minuets, which gave Aster's mind plenty of time to wonder.

Why did she want to draw me?

Why was she even talking to me?

Does she want to be... friends?

All of which ended up with:

I can't understand girls!

Symone's mind was racing too, but for completely different reasons.

I can't draw his nose right!

Did I bother to eat anything this morning?

This class is so loud!

Is that Aster's foot tapping? It sure is fast! It's like a bunny!

She let a soft giggle, and the word "bunny" escape her chapped lips.

"What?" Aster retorted.

She giggled again.

"Your foot. It's going really fast, and it reminded me of a bunny."

Aster placed his calm foot on top of the other.

The only response he could muster was a stupid grin before he went back to his painting.

Symone shyly pushed away her sketch-pad, and leaned over the table to see what he was painting.

At first, she was lost in it, but then began to figure out what it was.

The main point of it was a girl with grass-green hair, brown eyes and lightly tanned skin. Her top seemed to be made of bark with long vines frayed around the bottom, and a skirt made of giant leaves, tied together with small white flowers. She had unattached sleeves that resembled purple flowers, those too tied with small white ones.

She was standing in a thick forest-like place, but the background

wasn't very close to being finished yet.

"That's... Awesome. Who is it?"

Aster blinked as his eyes met hers.

It had a terribly close resemblance to her.

"It's... I don't know," he admitted finally.

"It reminds me of Mother Nature."

"Y-yeah... I can see that."

"Yeah, 'cause, I mean, look at her eyes. She looks so pure and kind, like a mother.

Aster nodded, but noticed a tinge of... What was that look?... Fear?

A tinge of fear behind her eyes.

"You okay, mate?"

"Y-yeah."

She quickly returned to her drawing.

Aster tried not to think about that look on her face, and instead think about "Mother Nature".

A protector of innocents and beauty of the natural world. She would care for all living creatures, and bite her lip around the creations of man, and love every aspect of life.

What am I talking about? He thought, _Mother Nature is a myth. An unpopular one at that! _

His thoughts were interrupted by the bell that dismissed that class. He quickly rinsed off his brushes and put the paints he was using in the cabinet, along with his painting.

Symone was cramming her sketch-pad and pencils into her lavender "hobo-sack".

The two young artists both left the room at the same time.

"Thanks for letting me draw you," she said quietly, looking up at the tall Australian.

"My pleasure."

He couldn't resist putting a hand on her shoulder.

She jerked away at first, but then stopped herself.

"Um... I'd better go."

She pulled away from him, and waved over her shoulder as she left.

Even though Aster's art class hadn't ended in the very best way possible, he couldn't help but grin as he met his friends back at the lockers. Nick was covered in sweat, and had a new bandage on his hand from wood-shop. Sandy was also covered in sticky sweat, but because of a heated game of volley-ball, not building things, and Tiana's mouth was filled with cookies, thanks to the school's beloved Home Economics class.

Tiana grinned, reveling her chocolate-clad teeth.

"Does anyone have any floss?" she asked, making big puppy-dog eyes at Aster, figuring he had some.

He tossed a little plastic box at her, and she scurried off happily to the girl's bathroom.

"Ya' gotta love cookie day," Aster sighed, and Sandy nodded. Nick crossed his arms over his chest.

"She said she would save me one..."

Sandy laughed as the large Russian-rooted boy pouted.

"It's not like you're gonna starve," Aster joked, making Nick turn a bit redder than usual.

"You shut your skinny Australian mouth."

[illegible]

****Eh... That chapter was a bit later and shorter than I had hoped, but, oh well. Things happen. The next chapter should be sufficiently longer, and possibly a bit darker. Oh, that brings me to my question. Would you guys like this story to be darker and more angsty, or be more hurt/comfort? I'm cool either way, so I guess it's up to you. I know this will get a lot darker, and I can't help that. My mind is just too creepy! ****

â€¦**. I'm also debating putting in a character biography sheet. How do we feel about that? **

**Okay, enough about your opinions, as important as they may be.
**

****Also, Jack will be in the next chapter. I'm sorry if you miss him!
He shall return! ****

****Thanks for reading, and please review! I love you guys!
~LightIsTheKey14~****

3. Chapter 3 (I lied)

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**Warnings: Mild alcohol consumption.
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[illegible]

Then, he spotted Symone.

Wow... he thought to himself.

She was wearing hot pink shorts and a tight lime green shirt with a yellow belt. She had her hair in a high pony-tail, and was wearing zipper earrings that matched her black knee length boots that had zippers covering the front.

She looked about as awkward as he felt.

Before he knew what he was doing, he was walking towards her. She spotted him immediately, and seemed very eager to talk to someone other than the tuba player.

"Hey, "

"H-hey- "

"I didn't figure I'd see you here. You don't seem like much of a party person!"

"Oh- well, I'm not," he explained, "My friends forced me to come."

"I understand completely," she said as she glared at a few girls that he recognized as flute players from marching season.

"They dress me up, drag me out, and ditch me," she said, though she was smiling.

"You... Look nice."

Aster couldn't keep his face from flashing red as he spoke.

"Nice, or easy?"

"N-nice! Very nice!"

Symone let out a light laugh.

Before Aster could embarrass himself, in which he was sure he would, the first chair trumpet player, drum major, and low brass section leader burst through the door with three cases of beer in hand.

"There's more in the truck," the drum major, Darren, declared, and a pack of guard girls raced outside.

Aster's jaw dropped, and though he didn't know it at the time, Symone's did too.

"How did they get beer?!"

He glanced over at the freshman, who was currently staring wide-eyed in horror.

"Oh my God! I'm a witness!"

"Symone?"

"I can't stay for this! But if I go, I'll have to tell someone!"

"Symone- Hey, look at me."

He put his hands on the hyperventilating girl's shoulders.

"Stay a little longer."

What am I saying?

"Don't drink anything. Just enjoy the party, mate."

She started to say something, but he stopped her.

"This is your first Laviski party, isn't it?"

She nodded.

"Just... Try it. Hang out for a little while, and relax. Don't leave me here alone."

The fear slowly faded from her face.

"Oh... Okay. Okay."

"Good. C'mon,"

Aster took her hand and lead her over to where Tiana, Nick, and Sandy were standing.

"W-where are we-?"

"I know you'll like these wackers."

Tiana turned around just as the two approached them.

"Who's the cutie?" Tiana asked Aster with a wink.

"I'm Symone," the brunette introduced herself.

"Tiana," the other girl claimed, sticking out a hand for her to shake, in which she did.

"I'm Nick, and this is Sandy,"

"Hello," Symone chirped.

"Is it alright if she sticks with us?" Aster asked, though the answer didn't matter. He was going to stay by her side until she felt comfortable, and maybe longer if she would let him.

Symone kept a grip on Aster's hand for the majority of the night, until she went off to the bathroom with Tiana.

"Aster!" Darren said, clasping his hand on the other boy's shoulder.

"Have you tried this stuff yet, man?"

Blake, the low brass section leader, tossed a beer can towards the Australian teen. Aster caught it in mid-air.

"No, and I don't intend on it. Here,"

He tossed the can back to Blake, who cracked it open upon contact and took a swig.

"Of course he won't drink it," a girl that he recognized as Kristin snickered to her friends.

"Aster's such a goody-two-shoes," another girl named Lia added.

"More like a fuddy-duddy," Danielle groaned.

Aster tried to ignore the girls, but was definitely failing.

"Don't let them diss you like that, man," Darren encouraged with a wicked smile.

"Prove them wrong."

"I don't drink," Aster said, stepping back.

"Not yet," Blake corrected, holding up another un-opened can.

"This could be the start of something beautiful."

Beautiful, or terrible, Aster didn't know. He had seen his father drink many a time, each ending up with something thrown, or something regrettable being said. Either way, his father seemed to be out of his mind when he consumed the beverage, and bad things always followed. He had a scar on his left shoulder to prove that.

Then again, there was an up side. If he did try it, he might be able to understand what happened to people when...

_Isn't beer suppose to rid your mind of bad things? _

That could be useful.

Tiana's words then raced through his mind.

"_Just one thing that you would never dream of doing."_

"Toss me one," Aster decided.

"There we go," Blake encouraged as he tossed a can towards Aster once again.

Aster cracked it open just as Symone and Tiana stepped into the room.

"Aster!" Symone practically screamed, making him drop the drink.

"S-Symone-"

How could she manage to be out here in shorts?

Symone's plea made him stop in his tracks.

She was out there in the cold to help him. Even though the first time they had ever really talked was the previous day.

"Thank God," he heard Tiana gasp.

"N-Nick said that he would bring the truck to come get you. We can go some place warm and talk," Symone reasoned.

"I don't want to go home," Aster huffed.

"W-we can go to my house. No big deal," the brunette stated, still coming closer to him.

He turned around, and quickly made his way to the small teen.

"You're trembling."

"It's a bit cold in shorts."

"Here,"

Aster un-buttoned his shirt, slid it off, and put it over the girl's shoulders.

"Maybe that'll help."

"You're gonna freeze!"

"Nah," he argued, fighting a stupid grin.

Symone didn't fight it anymore, and pulled her harms through the sleeves.

"Thanks,"

"It's the least I could do."

The group spotted familiar head-lights in the distance, and their hearts raced.

Nick was there with heat. Awesome.

Aster spotted another set of head-lights in his peripheral vision, coming from the opposite direction.

He took Symone by the arm and pulled her closer to the curb, just out of precaution. Tiana followed suit.

"Are those guys on the wrong side of the road?" Tiana gasped, her eyes widening to the situation.

Symone nodded in shock.

"Nick! Guys!"

beside- more like under- him, and looked up at Tiana with pained blue eyes.

"Don't you worry! I'll get you outta there!" the girl proclaimed as she continued to tug at the door.

Aster rushed closer with Symone in tow.

"Is it jammed?" he asked quickly.

Tiana nodded, and continued pulling.

"Which one of you guys has a cell phone with you?"

Aster and Symone both reached for their pockets.

"Wait- Aster, I'll call," Symone reasoned, "You help pull the door."

"Right."

Aster joined Tiana in tugging at the door, while Symone called 911.

"Yes, there was a wreck here on rout twenty-seven... I'm not sure how many people were involved... Okay, thank you. Thank you."

Symone then brought her phone from her ear and fumbled with it a bit before being distracted by a muffled yelp and crammed in into her pocket.

She dashed over to the mini-van and pulled the door open in one tug. The fact that it was barely on it's hinges helped her a lot.

A tall pale teen practically fell out, with a purple bruise spreading over his fore-head. His nose was dripping with blood.

"Oh my God! Are you okay?!"

He mumbled something before pointing at the person in the driver's seat.

Glass from the windshield covered him, and blood leaked down his perfectly white skin and was splattered in his snow white hair.

"Is he okay?!" she exclaimed in shock.

The boy in the driver's seat groaned, and moved his hand, accidentally landing it on another pile of glass shards.

The sound of sirens blared, making Symone's nerve-struck body jolt.

"Thank goodness..." she groaned as she helped the dark-haired boy sit down.

Two police cars and an ambulance parked nearby, and their drivers rushed over to the crumpled cars.

The whole scene was a blur to Symone from there. Lights flashed as

the emergency medics pulled the blood-coated albino from the mini-van, and a man with a crowbar broke free the door of Nick's truck.

The man tossed the severed door aside, and Nick was pulled out, followed by Sandy, and then a brown-haired boy that Symone vaguely recognized from band class.

Sandy and the other boy were taken away on stretchers, and Nick ended up sitting on the curb with a blanket and an ice-pack.

The ebony-haired boy, in which Symone finally recognized as Pitch Black- whom she had seen sitting with the albino in the detention hall when the teachers made her take assignments down there- was sitting on the back of a cop-car, while some lady dressed in scrubs picked glass from his arm.

It wasn't that surprising to her that the white haired boy would be with him. She knew his name was Jake, or Jaren, or... Jack? Something with the last name Frost.

She only knew that because just about every girl in her grade had a crush on him. She did agree that he was cute... Oh so cute... But he just wasn't her type.

Even if she wasn't interested in him like _that_, it still made her eyes water to see him in such condition.

It was obvious that Frost's injuries were less severe than the unknown boys, but even still.

Before Symone's mind could wonder any farther, she was grabbed by a police-man, and pulled over to a police car with a nervous squeak.

Aster watched Symone, and then rushed to her side, seeing the fear in her eyes.

"A-Aster, "

She grabbed onto his arm the way a small child would an older brother.

Aster looked curiously at the cop.

"I just wanted to ask the lady some questions," the cop explained carefully.

The Australian grimaced, but more because of his head-ache than the gruff cop.

Everything he saw was fuzzy, and the ringing in his ears only seemed to soften when Symone spoke.

"Do you know what happened to cause this incident?"

Symone shook her head no.

The cop looked quizzically at Aster.

"We were at a band party, and I stormed off. Nick was bringing the truck to come and get me."

The man arched an eyebrow.

"Son, is that alcohol on your breath?"

Those words made Aster stumble back a little bit.

I can't go to jail at sixteen...

"Yes, sir, it is," Symone piped up.

Aster held his breath.

"He had a bad cough earlier, so his dad gave him some whiskey to clear it up. He's big on old fashion remedies," the brunette explained, glancing up at Aster for some back-up.

"Y-yeah. I think I might be getting sick," the artist agreed.

The officer glared at the two of them dis-approvingly.

"... I don't recommend you use that remedy again."

Before things could get any worse, some fat lady cop called him over to the mini-van, leaving Symone and Aster alone for a moment.

"Nice save,"

Symone sat down on the asphalt, and put her head in her hands.

"Thanks," she mumbled.

"You okay?" he asked as he sat down beside of her.

"I guess... Yeah, I'm fine. Just frazzled."

"I know whatcha mean," he sighed.

"I wish we could have a re-do on this day."

It was taking everything in his power to stay calm, and to stay seated. He would love to be looking over the ambulance-worker's shoulder, or pacing back and forth, but Symone needed him. She was trembling, tears ready to roll down her face.

It was then that he realized just how fragile she really was. He no longer saw the bright-eyed, confident "Saxophone Captain", but now saw a broken little girl. A broken little girl that needed someone stable to hold her through this, and that's exactly what he did.

He carefully put an arm around her, and leaned over to whisper in her ear, "They'll be okay, mate. They always are."

She slouched onto him, and shook her head.

"Trust me on this, okay?"

She took an unsteady breath, and moved her hand over to his leg. This action caused his foot to tap ever so faintly, which by default formed a smile on Symone's chapped lips.

"I shouldn't even be the one freaking out. I mean, it's not like I got hurt. This isn't about me."

Aster sighed, and looked Symone dead in the eyes.

"You have all the right in the world to freak out, mate. I would be too, if..."

"You weren't drunk?"

The brunette was grinning, so Aster didn't bother to argue.

"Yeah. That."

"How about we go check on our friends?" the Australian said after a while, pulling the girl up with him.

She nodded, and followed closely behind him to where Nick was sitting.

Nick grinned, seeing his old friend approaching.

"Mom's going to kill us."

Aster laughed, and sat down beside the bulky ginger.

"She's going to kill you. She's not my mum."

"Lucky."

"Aren't I always?"

Symone forced a grin.

Nick wiggled his eyebrows at Aster.

"You're girlfriend looks upset."

Aster fumbled with his words.

"We're n-not-"

"I'm fine," Symone told Nick, grabbing the stuttering Australian by the shoulder in a sad attempt to get him to shut up.

"Good to hear. Anyone see where Tooth went?"

Symone wrinkled her nose.

"Tooth?"

Aster leaned back on his palms, and remembered the day Tiana had gained that nick-name while Nick explained.

Taina was six years old at the time. She was walking hand in hand with her mother down the side of the road to visit her new neighbors,

the Bunnymund's._

"Is there anyone my age over there?" she asked her mother.

"I'm not sure. I think they have a son..."

"Ew!" the small blond girl exclaimed, slinging both her and her mother's hand's in the air.

"What "Ew!"" Nick and Sandy are boys, and you like them!"

"But they're not stinky boys!"

"How do we know this one's going to be stinky?"

"Tiana's face became very serious.

"Most are. I've just gotten lucky with those two."

"Tiana's mother shook her head as they approached their new neighbor's fence.

"As her mother waved to the lady outside working in the garden, Tiana eyed the small tanned boy laying on the sidewalk coloring. He looked about her age, with dark brown hair, and a face full of focus. Soon, the two girls were invited inside, and while the women talked, Tiana looked over the boy's shoulder as he worked.

"I'm Tiana," she told him proudly.

"Emerson," he said, without looking up.

"That's a stupid name," she told him.

"That made him look up quickly.

"No it's not!"

"Sure it is! What kind of name is Emerson?"

"A perfectly fine- What are you lookin' at, mate?"

"Tiana was staring at Emerson's bright white teeth. She loved teeth! She loved dog teeth, and little cat teeth, and even people teeth, when they weren't too nasty!"

_"She couldn't resist. With one hand, she reached out and put two fingers in the boy's mouth. _

"W-what are you doing?!" he exclaimed, pushing her away.

"Your teeth!"

_"She stared at him, mystified. _

"Yeah?"

"They're perfect!"

"Emerson laughed a little bit.

